

John P. Hale

The Manchester Journal.

VOL. I.

The Manchester Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING.

OFFICE OVER THE EQUINOX STORE.

H. E. MINER & C. A. PIERCE, EDITORS.

TELEGRAMS—\$1.25 per annum, or \$1.50 at the end of the year. Free of postage to Bennington County.

BALANCE OF ADVERTISING:

1 square, one week,	\$3.75
2 squares, three weeks,	1.25
1 column, one year,	20.00
1/2 column, one year,	10.00
1/4 column, one year,	5.00
Business Cards, one year,	1.00
Advertisement inserted in advance,	1.00

C. A. PIERCE, PROPRIETOR.

Manchester Business Cards.

L. H. SPRAGUE, M. D.,

PRACTICING

Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE AT

MACHENSTER WATER-CURE.

H. K. FOWLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

—AND—

Fire and Life Insurance Agent,

MARSHFIELD, VERMONT.

MINER & SON,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

Office over Equinox Store,

MARSHFIELD, VERMONT.

E. B. BURTON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Office in the Court House.

B. F. KETCHUM, M. D.,

PRACTICING

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

Office at Residence and Court House.

MARSHFIELD, VERMONT, May 28, 1861

L. D. COY,

Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots and Shoes.

2 doors North of Congregational Church.

C. N. BENNETT,

CABINET and WAGON STICK,

4 doors South of Equinox Store.

Furniture Constantly on hand; also ready made coffins.

HOME AND SIGN PAINTING done to order.

FIRE INSURANCE.

INSURANCE ESTABLISHED IN

THAMES FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

N. BRIGHAM, CT.

C. RIVER MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,

BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

And other reliable Companies, by

HENRY E. MINER, AGENT,

Manchester, May 28, 1861.

BEEF! BEEF!!

THE subscriber would inform his old customers and the public generally, that he will continue the butchering business at his old stand, and is prepared to furnish Meats of all kinds at low prices.

Manchester, May 28, 1861.

W. B. BURTON,

AGENT FOR

WHEELER

&

WILSON'S

SEWING

MACHINE.

MANCHESTER WATER CURE.

THIS INSTITUTION is now open for the reception of Patients. Its BATHING facilities embrace every modern improvement for the Medical application of Water, together with

Electro-Chemical and Medicated

Baths.

It is under the immediate care and direction of

L. H. SPRAGUE, M. D., who from the success which has attended his practice for the past eighteen years, feels confident in offering his views in this capacity, that he can restore the means of Health to many a faded cheek, and effect permanent cure of many diseases which have baffled the skill of ordinary practitioners.

For particulars and circular, free of charge,

Address L. H. SPRAGUE, M. D.,

MARSHFIELD, Vt.

BURNETT'S GENUINE

EXTRACTS,

BURNETT'S COCAINE, for the Hair, best article in use.

FANCY BOXES AND TOYS, for presents.

INDIA RUBBER DOLLS, BALLS AND TOYS,

Large assortment, just received at the

DRUG STORE.

2000 YDS ASSORTED DRESS GOODS,

Delaines, Velveteens, and other styles

at 12-1/2 cents per yard. Great bargains in this list.

R. T. HURD & CO.

Manchester, Nov. 19, 1861.

GENTS' SHAWLS, superior make, from \$4.50

to \$7.50. At the EQUINOX STORE.

Manchester, Nov. 19, 1861.

NOTICE!

Cash Paid for Hides.

A. G. CLARK.

FACTORY POINT, Nov. 9.

MANCHESTER, VT., MAY 20, 1862.

NO. 52.

THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

I know by the light in his sleep, dark eyes,
When he keeps the beat of the mounting drum
That he never would fail to mount, and ride
Over the earth that were to cover.
I know that the sound of a pistol's roar
Causes through his veins like a stream of fire,
So I took him home,
And kindly him, go,
But he never returned.
That it grieved me so.

Two fair-haired children he left with me,
Who keep his name at the example,
The very love when upon his kiss
He used to fondle his pet and pride;
Alas! he may never again be pleased
By a brother's care in his home nest;
At the battle front, by a brother's hand,
Or loss of life,
Or his little ones.

I know he has answered his country's call,
That his breast is based at a high command,
But my heart will break, if he fall
In the battle front, by a brother's hand,
Yet I must do my duty, though my heart weeps
At the worth of God.

This is what I say,
In the name of God,
And of Washington.

Perhaps when the maple leaves are red,
And the golden glories of the harvest come,
I'll be writing to you, in my early years,
And give him a kiss, and a welcome home;
To know, with a smile, that you're well,
In the service of your God.

From the New Hampshire Patriot.

ETHAN ALLEN.

The true character of the distinguished pioneer of liberty and the wilderness, is fast fading away like the light of the setting sun. Fashionable *fancifulism* in the exercise of his despotic power, has but too successfully attempted to cast a dark, oblivious mantle over his benevolence and philanthropy as a citizen, and his chivalric achievements as a soldier. Memory should not tire nor national gratitude be withheld, from our patriotic grandfathers, by whose labors and sacrifices our birthrights were secured, and our liberty made free from danger. Of Col. Allen, little is to be found in the deadliest pages of our national history that gives anything like a fair picture of his true character. The numerous diverging religious sects in New England, regardless, who contributed to give them the sacred privilege to worship their God "according the dictates of their own consciences and reason," seemed to have joined in one grand effort, to claim the infidelity of Ethan Allen. His patriotic services of his country which procured the liberty to religious sectarianism to exist by them written upon water, while all his expression of his faith, differing from the measure of their several creeds, seems to have been engraved on brass and marble. Allen was as bold and independent as a moralist, as he was brave and daring as a soldier, which proves him to have possessed as much honesty of heart before his God, in the one, as patriotism and courage before his country in the exercise of the other.

Herold is not confined to deeds of chivalry in war, or true courage exclusively to the battle field. It required as much moral courage in Thomas Jefferson to break over the bounds of illegitimate slavery—to trample under foot the political creeds of heartless despots, and to storm their strong fortresses by the Declaration of Independence, as it did for Ethan, two or three months before, and without even the authority of the Declaration, to storm the fortress of Ticonderoga, capture Crown Point and the only British armed vessel upon Lake Champlain.

Where was Ethan Allen about the break of day on the 9th of May, 1775, two months, lacking five days, before Independence was declared? He was at the head of 83 men, close under the guns of the British fort, Ticonderoga; addressing his brave volunteers. "I am going," says he "to lead you forward." The attempt is desperate. I wish to urge no man against his will. These who will follow me, poise his fire locks!" They were all poised—"Onward my brave fellows!" said Allen, and led the way through the picket gate, passed the covered way, and formed his men in the fort, and instantly rushed into the quarters of De la Place, the half undressed and terror struck commander, and demanded the instantaneous surrender of the fort. "In whose name do you demand it?" asked the trembling De la Place. It surely must have been at that time, under all the circumstances, rather a hard question to answer. "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," shouted Allen. De la Place concluded that if the "Great Jehovah" had sent such desperate looking fellows at that time in the morning to take the fort, he had better give it up, and did so accordingly. Having secured that important garrison for his country, he hastened onward and before the brilliant sun of that day set, took Crown Point, and captured his Majesty's only armed vessel upon Lake Champlain.

This was the first conquest our country ever presumed to call for herself, and this was our first acceptable offering upon the altar of liberty, at which, may it never be forgotten, Ethan Allen officiated as high priest. His after services and suffering in the cause of the Revolution, though but partially known or appreciated, come not within the limits of this communication, and are passed over.

At the close of the war, Colonel Allen took up a tract of land in Colchester, Vt., upon which he labored with great industry and skill, until he found himself in

possession of one of the largest and best farms for that day in the State. His great barns were filled with good hay. His granaries were overflowing with wheat, rye, corn and oats. His mansion-home, cellar to garret, was well stored with all the comfortable things the country afford-

ed on facts, and is one of the sources

from whence ingratitude and *pharisaic*

folly draw their inferences that the saint and philanthropist, Ethan Allen, was an atheist and an infidel.

Elder Robinson—"Col. Allen, in view of your numerous donations to various Christian Societies, and the spirit you have manifested, in opening your house for a pilgrim's tavern for the gratuitous refreshment of ministers of all denominations, and freely aiding in the building of temples to God, it has occurred to me during my prayerful contemplations the past night, what a great blessing you would have been to any society, had you in early life identified yourself with it, and confined your efforts to that alone. God has made you his steward for much, as I trust, to the benefit of his people, and my prayers shall ascend to the throne of grace and mercy, that you may be speedily brought to feel this, even now in your time of life to be your duty and to act accordingly."

Col. Allen—"Oh, Elder as for that, you need not pray at all, for my God will not think the better of you for so doing. As for myself, take my word for it, I shall never be whitewashed down to such a sharp point of meanness and misanthropy by any power on earth or anywhere else. I fought for liberty and equality as to the rights of my whole countrymen, not a part. God's rain descends upon all his works, not a part—no monopolies or special privileges. He that well does, well is; and God's parental goodness extends to all his children."

Elder Robinson—"Well, Colored, in one sense you are right. It seems you believe in a God. Many of the Christian world have supposed you to be an Athene-

"Yes, probably they have supposed so, and that without knowledge. I believe in a God and have no doubt he was with me when I took old Ti, and Crown Point. Have you Elder?"

Elder R.—"Why we read in the Bible, Col. that he is a man of peace and not of war."

Col. A.—"So am I a man of peace, in time of peace, but not of war. He drove Satan out of Heaven after a hard battle, which closed the rebellion, and if it was not for the ministers, or, in other words, the half and whole pay officers in the army of States, I should wish the Lord had given the old rebel Beelzebub, as Washington would have served Arnold if he could have caught him. I have a poor opinion of these peace folks in war and war folks in peace."

Elder R.—"Shall I understand you to say, that on account of the ministers, you are willing to be at the expense of keeping a standing army? There would be nothing for them to do, nobody for them to fight, and the whole host in one general order would be disbanded and turned out of pay and rations from the commander-in-chief, the Pope, down to the deacons or corporals. I suppose, Elder, you rank in that grand army at present, in something like captain; perhaps when you get into your new fortress or meeting-house, you'll be Major by brevet."

Elder R.—"Col. I must say this don't seem profitable conversation; let us leave temporal things and talk about a heretical."

Col. A.—"Very well, Elder I am as willing to talk about things that neither of us know anything about, as any other matters, if it will suit better."

Elder R.—"Col. Allen, do you believe in the existence of the soul in the future state?"

Col. A.—"Yes, I wish to believe it; it is very unpleasant for a man who has done some service for his country, and good to his fellow-men, to be obliged to go into everlasting sleep and thereby be deprived of the consciousness of it."

Elder R.—"What idea have you of Heaven, and the course best calculated to realize the hope of at last arriving and passing through the gate into it?"

Col. A.—"Why as to that, I'll tell you Elder. In the first place, in my opinion, Heaven is as represented, a place of great felicity and peace, and now but brave, honest, benevolent patriots go there; I have no idea that cowards, hypocrites or tories are suffered to enter the gate at all, or even to look over the wall. What will become of these creatures, the Lord only knows; perhaps there is a spiritual Halifax in the next world, where they send them as the British did the tories from Boston."

Elder R.—"Have you any idea that the creature man is accountable for the deeds done here in the body, Colonel?"

Col. A.—"Yes, Elder, and out of it too. They do not know but a true account of our doings here, and if they find that we are brave generous, clever fellows, they enter our names upon the muster roll of the grand army above. I have no idea, however, that we shall all have the same station assigned us. Our notions and actions here about matters and things, must have some influence upon the destinies hereinafter."

Elder R.—"It does seem to me that

you are original in everything, Colonel. I wish you would give me more particularly

your views of Heaven, our arrival at its

gate, reception, and the final disposition you make of us."

Col. A.—"Well Elder, I'll try to give you a fancy sketch in my own way. In the first place, when there is Rev. Mr. B., of the Congregational Church, Elder C. of the Methodist Church, and yourself, and myself. I take for the example of the whole